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EDINGER'S EUREKA FLOUR. DRAMA IN COLORS.

Dora Martin was usually considered by those who knew her to be one of the prettiest girls in Theydon.

Just now, however, she is more serious than usual. She is seated in a big basket chair on the lawn under a clump of old trees that served to give the name of The Chestnuts to her aunt's house, and her lips are pursed together as an expression of intense misery settled on her face.

"I hate her," she exclaims, passionately. "Oh, how I hate her! She comes here and she turns everybody's head in the village with her pretensions superiority and her affectation of great powers of intellect. They all think she must be lawfully clever just because she has become the editor of the Ladies' Budget, that old-fashioned, stick-in-the-mud kind of journal; but I knew her at school, and I learned then what a shallow humbug she actually is."

"Who is a shallow humbug, Dollie?" queries a voice at her elbow, and the girl catches sight of the broad shoulders of her barrister cousin, Nigel Forester.

"Shall I tell you, Dollie?" he continues gravely, bending down over and looking very earnestly at her; "you mean Margaret Delbos—and I wouldn't have thought—"

"What?" fiercely demanded Dora, darting a sudden look at him.

"That you would have been so unwomanly as to even think cruelly of that girl."

"It doesn't matter to me a bit," she answers fiercely. "what you, Nigel Forester, are gracious enough to think about my womanliness or otherwise. Margaret Delbos is something more than deceptive in appearance; she is actually deceitful."

"How do you know that?" cried Nigel, all the color fading from his cheeks.

"Some stupid village gossip says so—that's all."

"It is not stupid village gossip at all, Nigel," said Dora steadily.

"Do you remember Ethel Cheveley?"

"The poor blind girl you introduced me to at the last garden party aunt gave? Of course I do. She's a poet, isn't she?"

"Yes," replies Dora. "And that was the cause of the mischief. She sent some

laundress to copy it out and send it to the Ladies' Budget in her own name and from her own quarters. If Margaret Delbos is as dishonest, inefficient as you suggest, she will probably buy it and publish it under her own signature in her Christmas number."

Seated alone in his chambers in Pump

Court Temple a few days later, however, Nigel Forester is not so sure that the trap he has so carefully prepared is either manly or honorable.

Now as he thinks of a woman's loneliness and temptations in these fiercely competitive times, against the whole world of literary jealousies, a great pity for her—or is it love?—seems to come upon him.

But as he muses there arises in the mist before him the sweet, trustful face of his cousin Dollie—Dollie, who is ever ready to champion the weak against the strong and sinful—the Dollie his mother longs and prays some day he may take to wife.

"And I have promised her that I will do this thing," he gasps. "I will keep my word, however bitter may be the cost. If Margaret Delbos be this living fraud, it will be well for her to know that nothing, no, not even a literary fame, built on lies, can endure."

December has come at length. Dora Martin and her aunt have hurried up from sleepy old Theydon and scamped all over Oxford street and Bond street and Burlington arcade in search of Christmas presents for their kin.

At last, tired and breathless, they hail one of the crawling hansoms that move perpetually through London's busier thoroughfare, and are whirled eastward to the temple, where Nigel awaits them with some impatience.

A few minutes later she and Nigel and her aunt are being whirled toward Liverpool street station on their way to their Essex home.

Today she notices that he is strangely silent. For a second she is puzzled to know what makes him so quiet and speechless.

Then she suddenly remembers that this is the day on which most of the leading papers issue their Christmas numbers.

Instinctively the two of them wend their way to the book stall, and the vivid green covers of a special number of the Ladies' Budget seems to mock at and dance madly before Dora's eyes.

"Oh, come away, Nigel," she cries impulsively, seizing her cousin's arm and trying to draw him toward a platform, "never mind about that stupid plan of ours; it was wrong, it was foolish, let it pass."

But Nigel does not move. Bending down, he looks at her with gravely reproachful eyes.

"Dollie," he says with a strange tenderness that draws her closer to him all in spite of herself, "have you forgotten Ethel Cheveley's grievances?"

"No, not that," gasps Dora, crying at last, but tears rolling down her cheeks; "but you know you care for her, Nigel, and it will hurt you."

"Dollie."

It is such a small word, but spoken as it was with such a depth of expression it reveals to the trembling girl that the months that have passed since they met have not only taught Nigel the secret of her heart, but the secret of his own also!

The Christmas number of the Ladies' Budget has this year been a great success. The place of honor is filled—at least so says the Weekly Bulletin—by an exceedingly clever story by the cultured editor, Miss Margaret Delbos, entitled "A Drama in Colors."

Rumor has it that this exceedingly talented author is so pleased with the popularity of that work that she has resolved to reproduce it at an early date in book form.

But Nigel, happy though he is in Dollie's great-hearted love, does not permit this.

A curt letter from him, returning the check for \$15 she sent to his laundress, and warning her that her frauds were known, cut short the literary career of Miss Margaret Delbos, and the Ladies' Budget is without an editor.

Now Dollie wants to go up to London and to help, if possible, her old rival. And Nigel says she shall do so, and he will aid her. But not until she has become his wife.—[Boston Globe.

MANY OF THE CURIOUS THINGS WHICH YEARS ago we were told were only "superstitions" or "old women's talk" are in the march of intellect and science being laid open to our ken. The telepathic instinct in dumb animals explains many queer things. Of course the explanation is far from satisfactory, but it is the beginning of the end. To scientists even that much is gratifying. The saying "rats desert a sinking ship" led to the discovery last year of a hole in a ship's bottom that eventually saved the ship and the lives of all on board. Witness the peculiar intelligence shown by horses, likewise elephants, in places of danger; also that of dogs on the death of a beloved master. These are accounted for by the telepathic principle. What, if anything, lies beyond to these animals will doubtless not be so easily discovered.

LOVER OF HIS MOTHER.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a pure love

and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" but who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sea-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.

Dandelion leaves are said to be a sure cure for insomnia. Before going to bed chew two or three of the leaves and they will always induce sleep, no matter how nervous and worried a person may be.

To remove blood stains from cotton materials, such as denim or cretonne pillow covers and pillow ticks, where soap and water can not be used, make a thick paste of laundry starch and warm water and cover the soiled place with it; let it remain until perfectly dry, when it can be brushed off; if the stain has not entirely disappeared repeat the operation.

HENRY C. LAUER.

One of Louisville's Liberal and Enterprising German-Americans.

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